

J9 JONES, Dan. *Amddiffyniad y Saint, yn ngwyneb camgyhuddia-dau y rhai a alwant eu hunain yn "Gwew y Don," yn y Seren Gomer, Ionawr, 1847.* (Defense of the Saints against the false accusations of those who call themselves "Cuckoo of Ton," in *Star of Gomer*, January 1847.) *Merthyr Tydfil: Published and for sale by D. Jones. Printed by John Jones, Rhydybont, [1847].*

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"Cuckoo of Ton" is the strange pseudonym of the Reverend W. R. Davies, a Baptist minister in Dowlais, a town about two miles from Merthyr Tydfil. Davies was one of the Church's most vociferous opponents during Dan Jones's first mission (1845–1849). It was he who coined the epithet "Latter-day Satanists."

Davies used the pseudonym "Cuckoo of Ton" to sign the anti-Mormon article he published in the January 1847 issue of the Baptist periodical *Star of Gomer*. In the article he touched on the matter of William Hughes, a convert who testified that his broken leg had been healed as a direct result of a priesthood blessing given to him a year earlier in Merthyr Tydfil. Davies ridiculed the Church members for believing and propogating such "nonsense."

Dan Jones was rabid when the article reached his attention, and he immediately set about writing a defense. The result was a 12-page mixture of Jones's best sarcasm and his most flamboyant rage. In addition to attempts to show how unfair Davies had been toward the Church in spite of non-Mormon witnesses in the Hughes case, Jones also answers the false charges that Davies brings against the Church members in his article. In true polemic fashion, Jones extrapolates on Davies's pseudonym: "At first we thought that it was the little cuckoo from Ton we had in our grasp, and then it turned into a profaning magpie; after that we thought perhaps the strange bird was a parrot until it became a rapacious kite" (p. 9).

Jones uses the feminine singular pronoun "she" whenever he refers to the "Cuckoo." But when referring to Davies he uses the masculine pronoun "he." The translation reflects this rather odd procedure.

It is not difficult to imagine the Church members' delight when, in 1848, Davies's "right-hand man," Rees Price, and his wife left the Dowlais Baptists and were baptized Latter-day Saints.

DEFENSE OF THE SAINTS,

AGAINST

The false accusations of those who call themselves "Cuckoo of Ton,"

IN THE "STAR OF GOMER," JANUARY, 1847.

IT USED TO BE SAID THAT "THE CUCKOO SINGS 'HOO, HOO,' WHEREVER SHE GOES;" BUT WE HAVE AT LEAST ONE EXCEPTION TO THAT, IN THE "CUCKOO OF TON." IT ALSO USED TO BE THOUGHT THAT THE CUCKOO WOULD NOT SING EXCEPT IN THE SUMMER, SETTLED IN HER AREA AND SEASON; BUT THE "CUCKOO OF TON" PROVES US MISTAKEN HERE AGAIN BY SCREAMING HER "HOO, HOO," IN OUR EARS IN MIDWINTER, QUITE DISTASTEFULLY AND ANGRILY AS WELL, AS IF SHE HAD BEEN ALARMED INTO AWAKENING, AND HAD ESCAPED FROM HER CAVE WITH HER MOUTH OPEN BEFORE OPENING HER EYES; AND RATHER THAN TAKE REVENGE ON THE "*Songster*" who awoke her, she flies past him, afraid, and shouts her "hoo, hoo," at some man from Merthyr who had broken his leg at his job, and who had been healed through the power and goodness of God! And even though that is an irrefutable fact, with hundreds of eyewitnesses to it, yet the first thing this "Cuckoo" [a female one, judging from its voice and subject] asserts, having sung under the name of "*Quick in Water*," when flying in Dowlais woods,—is that it is all a lie, and that the man broke only "a small bone in his leg," but now she admits that a "large lump remains in his leg [after breaking a small bone!] even six or seven months after the accident!" But let us go on, likely a little hoarseness in her voice caused this inconsistency; no wonder she finally became hoarse, after screaming that "hoo, hoo," so diligently from Dowlais to Cardiff, and from there, through the *Baptist*, over nearly the whole of Wales, until disgusting her audience; and it was thought that she had sung herself to sleep to the land of oblivion. But the first thing that entered her head was that her old songs would be very pleasing and new at Carmarthen, and if only they came from there, they would be believed by all the readers of the *Star*. She promised, if only elevated as high as the stars, that she

would sing with a sweeter and brighter voice; and truly, one can only say that she shows incredible audacity in calling her unfounded gossip "*fact*," when she knows better, and this after reading the man's own testimony, and that of about ten others, several of whom do not believe in the Saints' doctrine, and all of these testifying the exact opposite to her. See *Prophet of the Jubilee* for July, 1846. What motive could there be for well-known men to testify such a thing before the public, were it not a fact? Would not others refute it instantly, to their shame? Most certainly, but did anyone attempt to refute it? No, no one did but the howling "Cuckoo" from somewhere or other. And what proofs of her assertion does she offer to the readers of the *Star*? None! she does not offer as much as one man, not even her own name! Only her own nasty "hoo, hoo," and a few young cuckoos who learn their *tune* from her! Who in his right mind would believe her? That man is of age so he can answer for himself. He has answered to thousands in this area since that time, taking the *fact*, namely his healed leg, with him, which proves that the libelous "hoo, hoo" of the "Cuckoo" is nothing but invented gossip. His name is William Hughes; and since following the trail of this "Cuckoo," he has gone to your County to live, Mr. *Gomer*, and he shall no doubt pay you a visit, so that you may feel him, see him, and cross-examine him as much as you wish; and for goodness sake examine him in detail, and if you find any deception in the thing, publish it in the *Star*, in case our *eyes* have deceived us! Neither the poor man, nor any of the Saints, made any "fuss" over the thing, nor did they claim any credit or merit from the thing, until the howling "Cuckoo" forced them to defend the truth, and to acknowledge God's goodness to them. Why does this "Cuckoo" detest that so much? A strange bird is this species of cuckoo that blasphemes and reviles. The cuckoo has a delightful song; but more akin to the cursing magpie is the reviling of men who have done no harm to so much as one feather of her wings, or to anyone else, by calling them "false prophets," "praiseworthy apostle," "Joe," instead of Joseph, "arrogant sinners," without proving them so; "stinking rubbish," she calls the divine religion on which thousands of people as good as she depend for eternal life,— "loathe such tales," she says. What such tales, we ask? No reply. "The extremes of arrogance and lies," she says, are the Saints' profession according to the New Testament. "Their lies are too blatant for any in their right senses to believe," he repeats. So, Mrs. Cuckoo, Wales must be going insane very rapidly, according to your

“hoo, hoo,” and others like it, for in excess of a thousand of them have recently lost their “senses” so far by believing what you call “blatant lies,” and more are going insane daily, and yet they cannot grasp that lie which is “blatant” to your penetrating eyes. Strange such a transformation in you: first a “Cuckoo,” then cursing worse than a magpie; and now having the eyes of a kite, or *Argus* himself, to see such blatant things before everyone else? And why do you not expose some of the deceit for our benefit, before changing yourself to yet another *species*, if you can. That you would do so, however, is unlikely. You would be only too pleased to expose some evil if you could, since an unclean bird likes a carcass. “Taking the name of religion as a cloak to deceive,” is that it Mrs. Cuckoo? How do you know that? What proof have you to support such a harsh judgment? No reply to this either! Is it not your own mouth that proves that you are the “Cuckoo” who is guilty of this? One wonders if a man who reviles his innocent neighbors in this manner can be considered to be in his “senses?” Who will rely on anything she says after she has stooped to such extremes of arrogance, as to claim that those, who she knows full well are preaching the gospel for free, without asking for a penny, or a penny’s worth of anything, for that, are “collecting all the money they can from the poorest.” Give us proof, Madam Cuckoo. Present your facts, name the persons, and we will indicate a hundred pounds which you and your sisters have cheated from the poor for every penny the Saints have received since they have been in Wales. Come on then, for you have screamed your nasty “hoo, hoo,” from afar long enough; give your name to the world, and name your witnesses, if you expect the readers of the *Star*, or anyone else, to believe you. We are not ashamed of our names to bear witness against your blasphemous and atrocious utterings. But on she goes with her assertions. “They know full well that it is all deceit,” she says! I reply that they do not know, not one of them, of any deceit; neither does the ungodly “Cuckoo” know, or she would have told everyone, instead of using all lies as tools to take revenge upon us, out of spite to the truth.

Distasteful was the sound of the Cuckoo that reviled even the hunter’s hound in the wood; but Oh how unmusical are this magpie’s curses when she climbs to the branches of the high trees of the *Star*, and mixes her voice with the sweet songs of the best poets of the *Gomer*. What do you say, Mr. Gomer? and let each and every one of your readers ask himself, if such screams like the above in their ears

all the time, on the street and in the field, home and away, would be pleasant music, and all concerning your religion in your own "free country;" yes, and all of it completely unfounded? Well, this is the Saints' inheritance now as always; yes, even though they are your own blood brothers. We can take almost any publication we want throughout our country, "religious" or not, and often the first thing that meets our eyes is either "*Deceit of the Saints*," "*Arrogance and Lies*," "*Deceit of Mormonism*," or some rubbish about us or our religion, and all of it unfounded lies, and even though we know that, and have proofs of that, yet we almost never have the opportunity to publish them in the publication that accuses us. And if you but read the publications, especially the issues of the *Baptist* for the last two or three years, you will see there the "hoo, hoo," of these cuckoos over and over again, almost word for word, for entire sentences, under several pseudonyms; and in the March issue, if you do not have the proper name of this "Cuckoo" as author of the whole of it, you will have there her "hoo, hoo," in its entirety, or many besides ourselves will be disappointed. We know that changing the cuckoo's name will not change her "hoo, hoo," one whit. In these environs our ears have become numb to her unpleasant shrieks; and it is thought that either she knew that when she flew to Carmarthen, or that the lads of Dowlais threw rocks at her, followed her to Cardiff, and finally hunted (not the fox, but) this "Cuckoo" to Carmarthen. And unless your neighbors' taste is the uncleanest of all, they will soon tire of her "hoo, hoo," there, or they will change her name to *parrot*, for that bird is even more ready to revile everyone around him than is the poor cuckoo to persecute anyone. But we assure you, and our testimony and conduct assure all who inquire about them, that we as a denomination are as totally innocent of the accusations of this "Cuckoo" as any other denomination of religious people in the country; yet, we do not profess perfection in people, rather we confess that even the best of us are quite fallible compared to how we would like to be. The "Cuckoo" knows full well, and everyone should know before proclaiming our profession to the world, that no one of the Saints in Wales claims, or has the revered title of "apostle," or of "prophet," for we have proclaimed as much to the world many times. We have also proclaimed there is not one of us, nor has there ever been one of us claim any miraculous power of our own. No; they are all false accusations, which, once they are said, are pushed forth through nearly every publication like the little song of

the cornerake, and refuting them is as endless a task as getting them to look at both sides. But what we believe with regard to miracles is what all religious persons in Wales say they profess; namely, we believe in a God who performed miracles through his servants, in keeping with the means or ordinances he commanded, many years ago. No one denies this. Well, all right, come forward one step, then. We believe that that God is just as powerful now as he was at that time. So do we, says everyone again. All right, friends, we agree nicely; we shall try to go a step further together. We believe that that God is unchangeable. Fair enough, you say again, that is what we believe in, for it is said, "I am the Lord, I change not." Well, we shall venture hand in hand one step further, and that is, we believe in a God *who does* perform miracles through his servants, in a way similar to any ordinance in faith, *in this age!* Oh! for shame! such deceit, such devilish and Satanic arrogance; Oh, such impudence, says everyone; no, no, we do not believe a word of that, and we shall not take that step with you for our life, you all say in fright!! But reflect a bit, and reason; you dare not refuse to take the last step with us, because you have already acknowledged it. You have come too far into the snare to ever turn back; for to acknowledge that an unchangeable God has worked miracles is to acknowledge that he works them now under the same conditions. *And thus all the Sectarians of the country acknowledge exactly the same thing as do the Saints with respect to miracles!* Well done, gentle friends, do not ever again reprove and revile the Saints, while you profess the same as they about miracles, or else the unbelievers will deride you for your foolish contradictions. You have concluded this heated argument fairly, and have come to our side of the scales; very well, stay here, and we shall quarrel no further.

But to follow the "Cuckoo" again, she says that *Star of the Saints* says that God showed the Book of Mormon to Joseph Smith in "a cave;" but this assertion, like the others, is easily refuted, since the book called *Star of the Saints* is all over Wales by the hundreds; and even though there is not a word in it that these hands did not write, yet we know of no mention anywhere in it of "a cave." If there is, we are quite prepared to be convinced, and it is easy for the "Cuckoo" to name the issue, and the page, if it is there, but otherwise the reader must judge between us and her and the truth. If this "Cuckoo" had been in the wilderness of Lebanon when God sent an angel to authorize John the Baptist to preach and baptize, and if she had the key to

the Jews' religion under her wing, where she says the inhabitants of the "Ton" are, she would sing through all Judea as she does through Wales, that it would be as reasonable for her to *swallow the mountain* of Lebanon or the Mount of Olives as it would be for her to believe the coming of that angel!

Another of the old chants of this "Cuckoo" is, "But remember, Mr. Gomer, (says she,) the *rabble (!)* under consideration is made up of only the most ignorant dregs unaware of the fear of God in the places where they are." This is repeated in the March issue of the *Baptist, &c.*, and in the foolish and untruthful treatise of the Rev. W. R. Davies, Dowlais, on the miracles. A little, least, less; vile, most vile, more vile; bad, worst, worse; those continue to be her untruthful and ungodly assertions. How can *many* depart from among *few*, I wonder, and still leave some behind? As for our apostates, we are prepared to count dozens of sectarian apostates for every one who leaves the Saints. It is obvious that he calls his wishes a fact! But thanks to him whose work this is, the fact is that we are totally opposite in every way to the above despicable accusations; yes, a fact that is seen in the report of our last Conference in Merthyr: see *Prophet of the Jubilee* for January, 1847, where it is shown that we are increasing faster than any other denomination we know of in the country. Names are recorded of close to *three hundred and fifty* who have been baptized by us since last July; and over a hundred in Merthyr alone, from among nearly every other denomination there; and not only had some of these been members with their denominations for thirty years or more, but also among them were deacons, elders, and several preachers whom they considered to be gifted and godly men. Strange that there are still so *few* of us. As for the *dregs*, as he calls them, they possess immortal souls that are as worthy of being saved as were those who were the "filth of the world, and the offscouring of all things," in the days of the apostles. If *dregs* is all we have, you acknowledge that we do not seek much "money" as such, but give "freely to the poor" as before. If "they are the most ignorant of all," that is your fault, along with their former teachers, and all the more need for them to come to our school to learn some goodness before they die as ignorant as their other sectarian fellow scholars, and the sooner the rest of them come the better; and we are glad to see the most honest of heart among them coming to Jesus in desperation in an effort to understand "what they must do to be saved." We gladly show them the way, without money

or reward; and strange how happy and thankful they are, poor things, upon being released from your harsh enslavement; and for goodness sake, Mrs. Cuckoo, release your grasp on them, so they may worship God according to the scriptures; for it is better that a millstone be hung around your neck, and that you be drowned in the depths of the sea, than for you, or any other heretical spirits, to place obstacles along the way of these little ones. It is certain that they know better what we have to offer, having experienced it, than do you and your ilk, having never had enough honesty to search fairly for the truth.

If "they were unaware of the fear of God," how, in the name of decency, not to mention religion, did you and other denominations allow them membership, yes, even offices, for so long in your midst? for we do not know of one chapel in Merthyr and environs from which some, and often dozens, have not left them and joined with us. Yes, thanks to you, your "hoo, hoo," and your like have been a means of involuntarily driving some to listen to us, to search out our doctrine, and then to believe the gospel, and to give sincere obedience to it. This is proof that it is not deceit that we have, as you say, rather the more they come to know us, the more they perceive your lies, and the more they become attached to our truth. Are all these aforementioned men reproachful characters, I wonder? Are they not men, yes, as reasonable as you yourself? Are they not fellow Welshmen, and upholders of the law of the land like yourself? Why do you not grant them the freedom and the peace the law allows them? An honest man would be ashamed to show himself as such a *blackguarding bully*, and to use such ugly phrases to revile his neighbors, yes, even if they were true! Were those who left the Daviesism of Dowlais men of such character as you noted? Were the deacons who left them lately, and joined with the Saints, like that? Oh no, you must know that the Saints are not "foul rabble," nor are they "a few and bad."

Next, let us observe the "cuckoo" with her *tune* in complete contradiction to all her sisters throughout the land, and also to herself! "She asked (says she) several people who had been with them (the Saints), whether there were any fraudulent appearances perpetrated in their secret religious meetings, to charm and blind the unlearned and superstitious; *and they all said there were none!*" Well, that is the truth, there are no "FRAUDULENT appearances," so why do you not believe them, then? Not *fraud*, but *substance* is all we have in "secret," and in public. If you believe "all" these witnesses, what is

it that is so fraudulent in us, then? Why do you assert there is, and revile us for it? But how do you and your ungodly fellow persecutors deal with this? What does the cuckoo from Dowlais preach in chapel after chapel, and what has he published in the *Baptist* many times, and subsequently in his despicable treatise? He asserts that we *speak* in tongues, translate, prophesy, see visions, and do many things, to deceive the unlearned and the superstitious, says he; and he gives an example, that is "*tweedledee, tweedledum, tweedledee,*" &c. So asserts the excommunicated Thomas Jones, according to your "evangelical brother," Dafydd Williams, Abercanaid, through the *Baptist!* Yes, so say all our accusers, that we pretend to have spiritual gifts in the church; but since that is a witness to every reasonable man that we imitate the Apostolic church, in that respect at least, as soon as "cuckoo of Ton" saw that, she flew to the other side of the woods, and began to sing a new *tune* of her own in complete contradiction to all the others! One can only guess how long it will be before the others learn it from her! But in the name of *reason*, if there is such a *thing*, which *tune* is one to believe? You may choose; it does not matter to us which one you believe, for there is not a word of truth in the one or the other. And look at all the persecutors of the Saints turning on the cuckoo now. Perhaps we shall have some peace and quiet, until they stop arguing with each other, and then we shall prove even the winner a liar! Who believes that she ever saw men as brutish and demented as to "admit to her they were possessed the first second they joined the Saints, so they were able to hypocritically tell lies," without expecting any benefit through so doing, or without hope of getting anything more than having others come into the church to put their eyes, their ears, and their senses to work? No, we venture to say that no reasonable man will believe that she or anyone else has seen men in the country who will admit to such a thing. As sweet as these evil accusations are to his taste, this is too unclean for anyone to believe. But "they all testify in the most conscientious way (says he) that *all their* assertions are lies." Without any exception, I wonder? Very well, then. When you compose a story that is every word a lie, do it well like this one, and then everyone will understand it. The "cuckoo" must excuse us for not believing one word of this either, for we cannot; it is too *obviously* untrue, without acknowledging miracles! But what will the — — not say, and what shall we call someone who lets the following sentence escape from between his teeth, let alone coming carefully and

intentionally from between his fingers? Let even the "fools of Risca" be surprised. Here it is! "And I take this opportunity, as if under oath in the presence of my Judge, to tell you, together with *all the readers of the STAR*, that until now they have not performed anything similar to a miracle anywhere in Merthyr, and the surrounding regions," says she!! Well, now she has gone to the extreme! At first, we thought it was the little "Cuckoo" from the Ton under our hands, then she turns into a cursing *Magpie*; after that we understood that the strange bird was a *Parrot*, until he was transformed into a rapacious *KITE*; but by following him, here he is now professing to be a little God; sufficiently omnipresent and omniscient to fill all space, from Merthyr and its surrounding regions at least, night and day! Excuse us for venturing to doubt his word, for we did not know we were *criticizing* the assertions of one so *omniscient*; for surely he must be so before daring to so assert, or to ask "*all the readers of the Star*" to believe his unique testimony of what was NOT done in so large and populous place; yes, before he would take his *oath* in such soberness before his *JUDGE* (for he admits that even he has a judge despite how high he himself has climbed; and he is truly to be pitied when he stands before him! We would not wish to be in his shoes for the universe) for something he cannot, except through his omnipresence, know! Here you have a remarkably high "*Cuckoo*" indeed. You *STAR*-readers, what do you have to say about our "*Cuckoos*" out this way? We expect to see you gather together here to see her. She will be displayed when she is not asleep, for a halfpenny a showing! And then you shall declare that she is the wisest or the dullest in the "environs." Her contradictory assertions, her slanderous charges, her reviling, and her false accusations against men because of their religion, prove that she is not the foremost: but her wings and her whole body are full of feathers of the latter characteristic. But the accusation which shows her at her most poisonous, desiring to blow her sparks into flames to burn us, is this which follows; and Oh, let it be recalled so that she may be ashamed of herself. She says, "They are led by a few who were famous in the army of the *Chartists*." "Using the name of religion as a cloak to deceive." A man who accuses others of such a thing would not be any too anti-sectarian to throw *fagots* under our *funeral pile*, if only he could.

Oh man, when will your evil doings cease? Where has your conscience gone, and the feelings that pertain to mankind, which your fellowmen deserve,—their characters as responsible beings, citizens, fathers and mothers respected by all who know them; yes, brothers

and sisters of the same blood as you, created by the same God, and yet they stand before him in judgment in your opinion. "*Chartists*," you say? What proof of this do you offer? You should have strong proofs of such an accusation. What! not so much as one proof of this either! You dare to accuse an entire denomination of religious people of something considered rebellion against the government, and not one reason why. Has there ever been a more wicked man than this? Doubtless you have understood, through reading our publications, that we neither are nor have been connected in any way with the Chartists, as a denomination; and though all are free agents with respect to their *politics*, we know of no Saints with Chartist connections, before or after joining with the Saints. By this we do not intend anything for or against Chartism. We do not participate in any civic activity, nor do we meddle in *politics*; rather we get our ecclesiastical rules from the New Testament. It is obvious that the motive of this wicked man is to accuse us of this to incite persecution. Several, yes, from among the preachers and other religious men, have carried this accusation to the iron and coal masters, assuring them that the Saints are *Chartists*, and wishing for them to dismiss the Saints from their jobs, &c. Strange as this may sound in the breezes of an "*evangelical*" country, it is true that many have been treated in this way. If this accusation were true, why have the laws not been enforced against us by now? We answer that it is because the state officials, and all other reasonable men, know better, and they consider the prattle of these persecutors beneath their attention. But the impudence of the "*Cuckoo*" gets worse as we get closer to her. After striving with all her might to excite the country against us, she aims her arrows at the laws of the land, trying to get those to imprison us, and then she shouts, "Yet we would not for the world wish to be guilty of harming a single hair of their heads." Oh! shock, such inconsistency! What else can she possibly do to incite all who believe her to flog us, imprison us, hurt us, and exile us from the country? Nothing whatsoever! He has gone as far as he can already; and if he could do more, he no doubt would dip his hands in blood (judging by comparison). Has not this accusation alienated some already? He cannot deny this. Are these not the arms that stabbed the accused in the days of Bonner and others? Their tendency, everyone knows, is to sow seeds of persecution in the hearts of those who believe them, and they breed jealousy, and they fester until overflowing their bounds when they can, drowning in innocent blood. We know that it was this lying gossip, and other similar things, which caused dozens of our faithful brothers to be martyred in America lately, and some at our side were killed because of similar unfounded accusations. What difference is there between the spirit that kills the character of a man and the one that kills his body? That his scarlet streams may be seen before long in Wales causes me to fear. It is futile for those who ignited the fire to shout, that they did not intend for it to burn "a

single hair of our heads." Nero could just as appropriately say, after setting Rome on fire with his own hands, to incite the populace to take revenge on the Christians, accusing them of the deed, that he did not intend "to harm a single hair of their heads," as could the persecuting writers and preachers ignite the minds of the populace until they kill us, and then make the claim that the "*Cuckoo*" makes. An old maxim says that "giving a dog a bad name is as good as killing it." We give thanks, not to these our persecutors, but to the laws of our land, the kindness, the tenderness, and the nobility of the gentlemen who are too wise and sensitive to fulfill the wishes of our persecutors, and we pray that our God will repay them with his goodness a hundred times over. Our religion teaches us to be subject to the civil authorities in everything, and that is how we have been, and are determined to continue to be. This is not the first time the Saints have been so accused, but read in the March issue of the ever-slandering *Baptist*, where the "Rev." W. R. Davies, from Dowlais, says quite unabashedly, that we are "*Deists, Atheists, and the worst kind of Chartists.*" Yes, these are the words of a man who takes upon himself the name of "minister of the gospel." And who was a more fervent *Charter* than he? Let his letters in their publications testify, most certainly as a correspondent for their "*Trumpet.*" The first of them we read was a few days ago, and nearly the first thing that caught our attention was the name "W. R. Davies, Dowlais," under several columns of his work, boasting also that *he was not ashamed to put his full name in it.* That was unnecessary since everyone knows him. It makes no difference to us how much he wrote to anyone about anything, but it would be a matter of surprise that anyone except *himself* after everything would accuse some as innocent as the Saints of being what he himself has been! And in the name of reason how can the Saints, or anyone else, fill the three characters he bestows upon us? Are not Chartists, Deists, and Atheists, totally at odds with each other! He acknowledges that we believe in the *Book of Mormon.* Well that is in complete contradiction to the last two at least, and the first as well according to everything we understand about it. But take note, you believers, those of you who were partial to Chartism by the hundreds from every denomination, and *he himself also.* This Davies, and the "*Cuckoo,*" point out that "taking the name of religion as a cloak to deceive" is what you are doing, and *they themselves do the same thing, of course!* As for us, we were on another continent until everything was over, and the Saints were not in Wales at that time. What if some were Chartists before the Saints came to this country, would that render them forever afterwards unsuitable for religion, *Sirs?* What do the hosts of such who are now with the various sects think of you? Everything beyond repair, is it? If not everything, why anyone? And if so, your contradiction also shows your dullness and your own hatred; yes, here is yet another thorn for the crow of the "*Cuckoo.*"

He has listed our names before, as do his brothers, among evil doers, and those he considers most despicable, such as "*Joanna Southcott*," "*Twist*," "*Dic Tamar*," &c.; but not one of them has proven a single characteristic of ours similar to those, and more appropriately can the Saints turn back their assertions, saying to them, "*Thou art the man*." But despite silencing their mouths forever, that is those who shout Chartism at the Saints, we testify earnestly and boldly, — "*The Saints neither are nor have been connected with Chartism, or with any other political group in any way*."

We have irrefutable facts to prove this. If anyone doubts this, let him go to the office of the Bishop of Llandaff, and he will see that our places of worship have been registered there, and let him go to the magistrates where our preachers live, and he shall see that they have a *license* in hand, according to the requirement of the law. If they were Chartists, would they be permitted to have one? i.e., according to the meaning our accusers intend for Chartism. But enough at this end again to prove this accusation also as untrue as the others, and farewell to her "*hoo, hoo*," there forever, we hope. Another accusation, as unfounded as the rest, is that the Saints talk of going to Jerusalem. Yes, the "*Cuckoo*" from Dowlais published this before, and that we are "collecting money to go there!" We need not say that every syllable of this is also a falsehood. Time has helped us to prove it so, to their shame, if they have any. The Saints neither have, nor have they had, any intention of going to Jerusalem. Does it not frighten you, reader, to hear that those who claim to be the "teachers of this age," and "*pastors of the flock*," have lowered themselves so freely and unscrupulously? What can we expect from publications that are under the paws and breath of such as these? It is not so surprising that we are not allowed to defend ourselves in them. We shall leave them in the hand of the Judge of the whole earth, and we feel wholehearted pity over the enslaved condition and status of those whom they have charmed. That the gracious Lord from his goodness may rend the veil from off their eyes, so they may recognize the true light, is my constant prayer for them. Amen.

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